# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

UME XXX — CHICAGO, DECEMBER 29, 1892 — NUMBER 18

**UNITY**

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF RELIGION.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

NKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR,

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

D BARTRAM, JOHN C. LEARNED,
BLAKE, EMMA E. MAREAN,
ES F. DOLE, R. HEBER NEWTON,
. EFFINGER, WILLIAM M. SALTER,
. HIRSCH, MINOT J. SAVAGE,
RICK L. HOSMER, MARION D. SHUTTER,
M C. GANNETT, HENRY M. SIMMONS,
W. GOULD, JAMES G. TOWNSEND.
T. LEONARD, CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

SSRS. BLAKE, GANNETT, HOSMER, JONES,
LEARNED AND SIMMONS.

A YEAR, 10 WEEKS ON TRIAL FOR 10 CENTS.
SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

rtising, 12 cents per line; business notices 24
er line. Advertisements of book publishers
d direct; other advertising through LORD &
s, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.
ers of UNITY are requested to mention this
when answering advertisements.

les H. Kerr & Co., Publishers,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

## Contents.

ORIAL. PAGE.
es . . . . . 145
tarianism and the Salvation Army.
—J. G. T. . . . . 145
Our of Clubs.—C. P. W. . . . . 146
RIBUTED AND SELECTED.
ysanthemums. — ELMER JAMES
BAILEY . . . . . 147
ne Things George William Curtis
is Saying to Us.—*J. W. Scott* . . 147
e Lesson of the Angelus . . . . . 147
STUDY TABLE . . . . . 147
CH DOOR PULPIT.
New Help for the Drunkard.—JEN-
KIN LLOYD JONES . . . . . 148
S FROM THE FIELD . . . . . 150
HOME . . . . . 151
AY SCHOOL LESSON.
aism" begins: Scribes and Priests
Succeed to Prophets and Re-write
the Histories and Laws . . . . . 151
ISHER'S NOTES . . . . . 152

## Editorial.

IIS number carries the New Year's ing of UNITY to its readers. We nue to toil at this end of the line e hope that the toil lighten life's ens and perplexities to a few at other end of the line. At times ork seems a profitless one and at times the labor becomes heavy the burden hard to carry. We weary of love's labor when our in it halts, but when the sense eed does not desert us, when a e unrealized still calls us, and ought of the solitary made such nest thinking and noble loving made a little less solitary be- they belong to the UNITY parish rden becomes light and the task es a privilege, obligations are rted into opportunities. The ing line from one of the many rs whom we have never seen has ourage into our New Year's greeting. May it carry our cheer to our true friends far and near.

DEAR UNITY: I am so well pleased with the Whittier Memorial Number that I should like a number of copies to send to friends with Christmas greetings.

When some one suggested that the senior editor of UNITY should lighten his labors by discontinuing the cares of an editor I felt like sending a heartfelt protest.

Life would be far more lonely, its trials much harder to bear, were the weekly visits of UNITY to be discontinued.

Surrounded by those who look with distrust upon all who do not "accept Christ" in the mysterious and unexplainable way taught by their pastors, it is a comfort to turn to my silent pastor and learn lessons of "truth, righteousness and love."

"THE Christian lub de Lord with three things—de heart, de mind and de pocketbook." So "reflects" aunt Jess. Is the first love fairly measured by the last love? The heart is willing to make sacrifices for the things it loves.

OHIO and Colorado have undertaken to provide clothing for all the destitute children of school age. If compulsory education is to compel, something like this seems to be the logical necessity wherever such law is enacted.

IT is said that Pope Leo XIII has twenty private secretaries, five hundred chamberlains and one thousand one hundred and sixty persons in his court. This seems like a royalty quite other than that which the Galilean claimed. Do they miss something at the Vatican which the disciples enjoyed as they followed the Teacher from village to village?

WE learn from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* that a growing number of Methodist churches are discarding the pew-system. The Oakland Avenue church, of Chicago, and Trinity church, of Cincinnati, are among those who have recently adopted free seats. The *Congregationalist*, of Boston, is about to publish a list of the free seat churches and circulate it as a tract. There are 125 Episcopal churches in Mass. with free seats, and only seventy-five with rented pews. All this is hopeful, but if the change of policy results in a decrease of revenue it is ominous.

A WRITER in the *Standard* speaks of the proposition to hold religious services in connection with the open Fair on Sunday as "hypocritical," "preposterous," "insincere," and yet that suggestion has been made by such good Christians as Frances E. Willard, Bishop Potter, Bishop Spaulding and many others. Let the representatives of orthodoxy in this matter first recognize the honorable intentions and mental, moral and religious seriousness of their opponents in this matter, if they desire to command the respect of the intelligent and to persuade the noble of the truth of their arguments.

AND still the women continue to win their way to the front. In Kansas a woman has been elected road-overseer. Four thousand more women have registered to vote for school committees in Boston this year than last. Miss Foratji, a Parsee student at Oxford, has taken a degree in B. C. L., the most difficult law examination of the University. Of twenty-five men with whom this woman had to compete, two failed altogether, two obtained second, and not one a first; and the plucky little Parsee woman took the third class. There is something more than a vindication of sex in this report, it is also a Pagan triumph, and it ought to set the Christian world to thinking over the kind of religion that has doomed such talent and ability to the everlasting agonies of another world. Perhaps the word "Christian" will have to look to its laurels some of these days, and show cause for its boast of superiority and supremacy.

A WRITER in the *Standard* who carries the title of D.D. writes plainly and clearly on the relation of the Evolution doctrine as he understands it to Religion and Christianity as he understands the words from a Baptist standpoint. The current application of the word Evolution to the above words he would spell with an "R," and he thinks to call that an Evolution which is Revolution is "to be guilty of intellectual obliquity, and liable to the charge of moral obliquity." He charges Lyman Abbott with giving "away almost everything that is found in primitive Christianity" and the writer is nearly right. It is an important principle in Evolution that a difference in degree culminates in a difference in kind. He is right again when he says that what is now called "Evolution" is what was once called by the "old fashioned name of Heresy." But is Heresy established, vindicated and proven?

THE following incident reported in an exchange warms the human heart everywhere. An emigrant train loaded with weary men, women and children on their way west, was recently side-tracked in Philadelphia on Sunday morning, and allowed to remain there several hours, causing great suffering for want of food and drink; all the shops in the neighborhood being closed. Certain railroad men's families in the vicinity, discovering the plight, turned out with cans and baskets, building fires along the railroad track and dealing out hot coffee and abundant food to the bewildered strangers. This was a reception worthy a country that receives daily through the ports of the United States incalculable wealth in the way of moral purpose, spiritual ideality and physical vigor in its immigrants. There is nothing more ungrateful than the current hue and cry concerning the "filth and scum that comes to this country from the Old." The United States has been brought to its present dignity by not only immigrant labor, but immigrant brain and immigrant conscience, and the tide of helpfulness has not ceased. Let us be appreciative as well as vigilant.

### Unitarianism and the Salvation Army.

There are many points of similarity, strange as it may seem, between Unitarians and the Salvation Army. These parallels have been suggested by the International Congress of the Salvation Army now holding in the city of New York.

It is gratifying to note the change in the tone of the great dailies as compared to that of ten years ago. Then it was one of ridicule and contempt; now it is courteous and complimentary. The *Press* draws a contrast between the Presbyterian church, hunting heretics and the Salvation Army intent on character-building, in terms which cannot be misunderstood. And the *Press* only echoes the general feeling.

But notice the points of resemblance between the Salvation Army and our own church. The Army, in contrast to all the other orthodox churches, places its emphasis, not on creed, but on the things that make for salvation. And by the salvation of a man the Army people mean at bottom to make him temperate, economical, industrious, clean of body and clean of life. And here we are at one with them, for this is our purpose, to make manhood, to build character.

Another point of similarity is seen in the idea of brotherhood as taught by the Army people. They teach a real warm, tender brotherhood, such as Channing and Parker and Garrison taught, and not that emasculated brotherhood, so often preached in our popular churches, and, if we are sturdily true to our principles, we hate as much as the Salvation Army, all of those false distinctions which separate man from man, brother from brother, sister from sister.

Still another point in common is seen in the faith which the Salvation Army has in human nature, in the divinity of man. And we who are disciples of Channing, Parker and Dewey, thrill to the music of the great truth. We know that in the blaze of a great consecration, the dross is burned up, and in this fire even the links in the chain of heredity melt!

One more point of resemblance is seen in the Army's recognition of woman's equality. Woman is not only revered but trusted, and to her all doors of opportunity are thrown wide open. And Unitarianism, at least all that part that lies west of Boston, recognizes the equality of woman, and her right to the cultivation herself and to enter into any work whereof her talent has made her competent.

But if there are these points of agreement between Unitarianism and the Salvation Army, why may not we, as well as it, reach the multitudes? Certainly we have less impediments; we have a simpler, more modern, more scientific creed; our ideas possess what Goethe calls "universality," that is, they speak to the whole of human nature. Again, we have not the limitations of the Army, for it can reach only those classes that still have the orthodox superstitution in their blood. The Army people can make their appeal only to those who believe in the authority of the Bible.

That Unitarianism may reach the masses, and become, in many forms, a universal religion, it needs two things: First, its ideas and its authorities, for it has both, need to be translated into the common tongue. If the ideas of Channing and Parker

and Emerson purified and broadened by Martineau, Savage, Gannett, Chadwick and many others, were to pass from the language of intellection into the language of feeling, what a wide reception they would have. In a little village in Ohio, where a liberal sermon was never preached, I found this summer a large number of Unitarians, made so by the teaching of a farmer's wife, who happened, by chance, to come across the sermons of Hosmer, Gannett and Savage and was converted to our simpler thought by them.

Second, There is needed what the Salvation Army people have, the baptism of the Spirit, the mixing of our ideas with our blood until we have the same passion for the salvation of men that the Army possesses. And we ought to have a deeper earnestness because our thought of salvation is so much greater than that of the Army.

And look at that multitude of men to whom if any religion comes, it must be a rational one; a multitude who have thrown off not only the authority of the old faith, but also its ethical restraints!

Blind must they be who cannot see that with the loss of religion there has come a moral decadence which means in the end the loss of the most precious things of life. Dr. Hedge said in his essay on "Science and Faith:" "For society can exist without more knowledge, but take away faith and you snap the mainspring in the clock-work of life." These are deep and true words. The ethical life is fed, largely, from the fountain of its religious life. And in how many, many hearts these springs have ceased to flow. And here is the work that Unitarians can do, and must do if we are true to our ideal; to cause the life-giving waters of Faith to flow again in the souls of men.

J. G. T.

---

## A Tour of Clubs.

This visit to New England has given me an opportunity much prized, to visit a number of clubs, Women's Clubs, Branch Alliances and similar organizations. There are a few marked, though not important differences between the Woman's club of the East and the West. The chief contrast lies in the practice of several clubs in and near Boston of securing a certain proportion of their speakers from outside sources, constituting themselves a small lecture bureau for select and private uses in the community. Some of these clubs number a membership counted by the hundreds, others are much smaller. All comprise a quality of membership that could easily render them dependent only on themselves for the entertainment and instruction they so assiduously and modestly seek elsewhere. The practice of engaging so many speakers or essayists from abroad, while a flattering one to the particular beneficiaries, can hardly be counted so beneficial to the members themselves as that which prevails in our western clubs, where the burden of the year's program is placed almost entirely on the members of the society. I have sometimes thought we carried out this practice too rigorously but there is no doubt that the custom has been mainly a fortunate and successful one in developing a readiness of speech on the floor and platform not to be otherwise attained. But in the main the likenesses in human nature on any plane, social or intellectual, are more easily established than the differences, and it is so with the club life of the East and the West. The average club woman, wherever found, whether in Boston or Omaha, is the same type of sincere, intelligent, cultivated womanhood, bent on securing all the aids that culture and a widening experience can bestow in the solution of life's practical problems. Her geographical location seems to make little difference in the warmth and heartiness of her manner or the hospitality of her thought. Kind and cordial, indeed, has been the welcome extended to one visiting stranger during this five weeks' stay in Boston and New York. The West must look to its laurels.

The first of these clubs which I had the privilege of visiting was the Cantabrigia, in Cambridge, a society just organized, but numbering three hundred already and before mentioned in these columns. The president of the society is Mrs. E. M. H. Merrill, a journalist by profession and president of the New England Women's Press Association, one of the largest and most popular clubs in Boston, one of whose sessions, with supper and social reunion at the Parker House, I also had an opportunity of attending. It is the wish of Mrs. Merrill and other friends of the Cantabrigia to model it somewhat after the pattern of the Chicago club, combining some active philanthropic work along with the literary. The experiment will be watched with interest by all club workers. A few days later came a visit to the Dedham club, a comparatively small society, meeting at the houses of the members and uniting a social tea with the literary essay or address. Following close was the Wednesday Club in Boston, more correctly described as a study class, perhaps, and numbering about forty. The next week came a visit to Concord, two to Providence, the first in response to an invitation from the Alliance of the First church, over which Mr. Lord presides, the second to meet the Woman's Club, an organization numbering two hundred and dividing its speakers among its own members and outsiders. This second visit enabled me to remain over Sunday as the guest of Revs. W. H. and Anna Garlin Spencer, the first working hard to upbuild a missionary enterprise in the city, the latter carrying on the work in Bell Street chapel, left in trust by Mr. Eddy, whose name and labors in the cause of rational religion are well known. Seldom does a household present a more pleasing and helpful spectacle than the Spencer parsonage, with its two pastoral studies, its two distinct but sympathetic lines of work. Added to this is the constant aid given by both Mr. and Mrs. Spencer to other public work in the city tending to promote its social and spiritual life. Each is deeply interested in the West and will be among the visitors to the World's Fair. Mrs. Spencer has been asked to contribute to the Reform Congress. Monday brought an opportunity to talk to a group of bright, wide-awake girls in a private school conducted by Miss Wheeler, and then a return to Boston to attend the monthly "tea" of the New England Women's Club, the mother of all the rest. The literary program was supplied by Edward Cummings in long and elaborate treatment of the Labor Union movement, Edward Atkinson taking the principal part in the discussion. This club frequently invites gentlemen speakers, and numbers a few gentlemen among its associate members.

Tuesday, the twenty-second, was the date of the regular session of the Boston Browning Society. The subject of the day was "Browning on Poetic Art." The discussion was opened by Professor Dorchester of Boston University, who spoke on "The Nature of Poetic Expression," The present writer had the honor of saying a few words on "The Poet's Personal Relation to his Poems." Mrs. Fannie B. Ames spoke of the help given by a happy life to the poet's vocation, and Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton closed the discussion with a few interesting and delightfully-told personal reminiscences of the poet, gathered in her annual pilgrimages to London. This society promises to become one of the permanent institutions of Boston. Its work consists not only in the holding of these monthly meetings but in the collection of a Browning library. In case of the dissolution of the society this library is to be transferred to the Boston Public Library. The membership of the society comprises some of the best literary talent in the city. Its spirit is both earnest and progressive, and it is to be wished that one of similar aim could be formed in all of our large centers.

The next day we rose before the sun to catch an early train to Marblehead and a sight of its wild picturesque landscape before coming back in the afternoon to Salem, where we took a short drive to Gallows Hill, under the guidance of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods who, however, with other living Salemites, disclaimed responsibility for the witch-hanging executions that give the spot its melancholy fame. There was only time for a look from the outside at the old hall where these same witches were tried and sentenced, before we joined a pleasant company at the house of Mrs. Grace Oliver, whose books the reader is familiar with. The Woman's Club which we attended in the afternoon calls itself the "Thought and Work Club" and is limited to two hundred and fifty members, if I remember aright.

The following Saturday brought the date of a long anticipated visit to New York, the more happy that I was met here by a friend, Mrs. Harvey, of Geneva, with whom was spent a week in sight-seeing and a further widening of acquaintance with delightful people. Sunday morning was given to Chickering Hall and Felix Adler, who gave a stirring discourse on the work and opportunity of women in the world of modern thought and philanthropy, a noble and uplifting utterance which no woman could listen to without deep gratitude, an utterance all the more valuable and noteworthy coming from so high and honored a source. By way of contrast we attended vesper services in the new cathedral on the corner of Fifth avenue and 50th street, where except for the chance it gave us to inspect a beautiful and stupendous piece of ecclesiastical architecture, during which inspection we were obliged to sit through a droning service of chants and responses with double organ and boy choir, we felt ourselves well punished for our pains. The evening was spent in the homelike parlors of Mrs Croly (Jenny June), where we met a small but interesting company. A continuous rain-storm on Monday did not prevent us from attending to our full duty in the way of sight-seeing, including a visit to the Brooklyn Woman's Club in the afternoon and ending, for recreation's sake, with an evening at Daly's. Tuesday took us to the East Orange for a day's renewed acquaintance with Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, president of the Federation of clubs, without whose tireless and enthusiastic efforts this young but strong and promising organization would never have been brought to its present degree of usefulness and efficiency. Here also was given the opportunity to visit the East Orange Woman's Club, and to listen to an excellent paper in both style and matter on the history of piano-forte making by Fannie Morris Smith, the writer of an article on Rubenstein which recently appeared in the *Century*, and whose study of the piano-forte has just been issued from the press in the form of an interesting and instructive manual. The next day brought the fulfillment of a long-cherished expectation in a visit to the delightful and hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick of Brooklyn, the center of liberal thought and culture in that locality. Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Camp divide the love and honors of the Unitarian community here, in the absence of a pastor of the First church, which is just now eagerly awaiting an answer to a call to Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Denver, the result of which may be announced before these lines reach the reader. The December meeting of the Women's League, our main objective point in this visit to New York, was held in the Second church, in Brooklyn, the subject of the day's discussion being Radicalism. This society is the largest local organization of Unitarian women, numbering an average attendance of from three to four hundred, representing seven churches in New York, Brooklyn and Harlem. Mrs. Chadwick is president and fills the position with a natural ease and hospitality of spirit that adds much to the success of the meetings.

Saturday brought a return to Boston to fill an engagement at the New England Club on Monday, the previous forenoon being taken up with a meeting very kindly accorded me by the secretary of the National Council, Mr. Lyon, as member of the program committee of the International Unitarian Congress, to confer with that body on the subjects involved. Dr. Hale, president of the Council, was present, and set to with characteristic will and energy to make out a tentative program for the use and amendment of the local committee, and your correspondent came away feeling that in spite of what every Chicagoan must regard as a great mistake on the part of the Council, the vote to hold the next National Conference in Saratoga instead of at the World's Fair center, our eastern friends are not insensible of their obligations in the matter of the Congress and will lend hearty aid to the enterprise. They should remember that the responsibility of this great undertaking is theirs no less than ours, more theirs in respect to the obligations incurred by age, experience, larger numbers, etc. The failure or success of the Congress will lie at their door, not of Chicago or Western Unitarianism, but of American Unitarianism, and I am sure that many of our eastern friends are coming to realize this.

Tuesday, our last day, arose bright and fair for the short journey to Lynn to meet the North Shore Club, one of three organizations of women of practically the same purpose in this busy thriving manufacturing town. The back to the city to catch the evening train on the Boston & Maine for a night's journey to Montreal to meet a company of bright progressive women anxious to form a club and engage in some of the kind of work which occupies in such growing degree the time and thought of their sisters in the states. The number attending the meeting and signifying their desire to form such a society was most encouraging. Here too, we found women busy with the problems agitating the minds of their sister reformers in more favorable localities, and eagerly desirous to lend a hand in the public business of the city, and the work of the various institutions, educational and charitable, from which control they are excluded. The knowledge that in organization lies the secret of power is reaching the mind of every earnest and thoughtful woman. The shackles of mentality, social pride, and small slavish fears of all kinds are slipping from her, like a worn-out garment, and a new creature is in the making, preparing to take her share of responsibility and honor in the conduct of affairs.

C. P.

## Contributed and Selected.

### Chrysanthemums.

I.

turning from the fire's outreaching glow,
stand beside the window's frosting pane,
ere gleams athwart the nest of falling snow,
hat strives to hide my garden's little plain,
air chrysanthemum's pale yellow flower.

II.

d then I think of her whose life is spent
Within those walls that pain and woe confine;
d of those fevered ones to whom is lent,
Becauses she watches o'er, a joy like mine
ien in the snow I see that golden flower.

ELMER JAMES BAILEY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### me Things George William Curtis is Saying to Us.

Out of his earlier life he is saying us that the strength and nobleness after years is to have high and ar-nt ideals in youth. Call the Brook rm experiment foolishness, failure, you will, but what made Curtis a mber of Brook Farm made him ke that magnificent struggle to charge an almost crushing debt, de through no fault of his own, h nothing legal binding him, but y the devotion of his soul realiz-; righteousness in his life; made n also the independent of parties, d the brave civil service reformer, ose work must surely some time crowned with perfecting success. other thing this nobleness is say-; to us is that this ideal life is for ne of us best lived in the busy, fish, disappointing world. How ily comes the monk feeling, the nting to run away from the evil t hurts us into a genial surround-; in which we can grow to be just at we will. But such life of isola-n is, for purposes of greatness of racter and deep peace of soul, I nk, failure. For attaining the hest, we must live in and for the rld. Ever will he be saying to the ing men of America the fact that nan can be in our political life inless, manly above bosses and chines, accomplishing the great rk of a patriot. Not rapturing e old monks in impossible ideals, in the witheriug selfishness of re scholasticism, not in the saying h of bitter pessimisms; but in most active political life is Amer-n manhood to complete itself. t let the young American remem-that the secret of George William rtis' splendid, stainless political lies in the fact that it was never a -seeking life. He cared not for ce for himself, sought not at all himself its honors and emoluments. is saying how possible it is, how ssed to be a reformer without bit-ness. Against slavery, one of the anizers of the Republican party, rmer of our civil service, for noble independence shamefully sed, yet with all there was the d, the noble gentleman, speaking truth in righteousness, speaking truth in love. In principles that e right to him, firm as the rock, ompromising as death, yet with a genial spirit pervading, the sel-, little hating word unsaid. He ws well how one can stand tena-isly for his convictions of right, yet have with all a great toler-e, a catholic, fair and gentle it.

Vhile a Unitarian he was not a sec-an; teaching us that one may be a nber of a denomination, with no rowness, but with a fellowship e as goodness and the human need. his same meeting of the National tarian Conference, he disclaimed y sectarian and denominational feeling," and any great interest in the conference, "if it were designed to draw more distinctly the lines or to build more firmly and strongly the walls of denominational difference." This he said as the conference's president; this he said while yet every Sunday, in the little Unitarian church of his home, conducting religious services, reading sermons from all the helpful preachers without regard to their denomination; and in this he was loyal to the spirit and intent of that Christian fellowship that is called Unitarian. Another thing he is saying to us is that we cannot do the high duties of holiness and escape misunderstanding by the good and abuse by the bad.

And so we have here a too soon finished, splendid life, a life always lived for the highest, from the days of Brook Farm clear through to these later days of Civil Service Reform, taking from out the blighting spoils system 36,000 of national offices, and 3,000 in the state of New York, and 10,000 in the cities of New York and Brooklyn. In his work as political editor of *Harper's Weekly*, in his activities in political conventions, in his literary work that charms like song, as reformer, lecturer, citizen, man, politician, he stood for truth, righteousness and love in the world, and wrote nothing but what made for a happier, holier day shining blessings upon the children of men. As the New York *Evening Post* says: "He was no puritan Cavalier. His gracious manners masked an iron will. He added nothing to our literature which did not make for kindness, charity and peace; nothing to our politics which does not shame its ordinary levels and beckon it to higher things. There was a fragrant beauty in his life that made all who knew him account the privilege one of the choicest blessings with which heaven had visited their hearts."—*J. W. Scott, in Kindly Light.*

### The Lesson of the Angelus.

When Millet's "L'Angelus" was on exhibition in this country, two persons, unheeding the crowd and seeing only the picture, stood before it in admiration. "But, what," asked one, "would that picture be, after all, without the Angelus? Just two peasants in a potato field."—What would the world be without the Angelus?" said the other. "Just a spinning globe with hopeless toilers crawling on it."

Life without the Angelus!—let us stop and think what that means. It means life without that of which the Angelus is a reminder; life without hope, without love, without the divine peace which passes understanding. It means men and women sullenly giving their lives, like beasts of burden, for a bit of bread and a shelter from the storms. It means toil without recompense, fruitless tears, ceaseless sighs, pain impatiently borne; death dreaded because it is terrible, yet longed for because it is the end of a weary journey.

Are these words too strong? Are there *any* too strong to set forth what existence would be without the Incarnation?—and that, and that alone, is what the Angelus typifies. "A devotion in honor of the Incarnation, used three times each day at the ringing of a bell,"—such is the simple but comprehensive definition given by some lexicographers.

Some day, when the history of each man's heart will be like an open book, the story of the Angelus will be told. Then will be reckoned the sum of the wounded hearts it has healed, of the fainting spirits it has strengthened, and the blind who have been led by following its sound to find the gladsome light.

The Angelus Bell has its own distinctive mission as a propagator of the faith. It waits for none to seek it: it does not remain in quiet security, but it sends its voice abroad; it makes the air vibrant with melody; it is, three times each day, a persuasive call to prayer; and they who hear and do not comprehend, pause in their mad hurry on the wide highways of the world and ask the meaning of the sound. Often persons who do not believe in prayer of any sort are curious to know what motive is actuating the faithful ringer of the bell; and many—this is said from positive knowledge—have been turned from indifference and skepticism well-nigh hopeless, through a love of the patient voice speaking from the bell tower.

The Angelus! Its jubilant tone is with the sun, as it comes anew each day to strengthen and revivify; with the sons and daughters of God, as they pause at noon for a brief respite from labor; with the world, when toil is done and the night is getting its starry mantle ready. And when the end comes, as it must come to everyone, surely there could be no better or sweeter sound for the ears, fast growing dull, to listen to than that of the triple bell, Our Lady's Bell in honor of the Incarnation.—*The Tablet.*

SIN is killing itself; the wrong has had free play, and is coming to an end; slavery must die, liberty live; injustice, oppression must cease, and the rights of man, of all men, of the individual reason and conscience, and the brotherhood of the race, be welcomed and enthroned, that man may everywhere be the helper of men, and each one—the lowest as well as well as the highest—find his free and joyous place in the universal order of the divine.

And hence the battles of the present must go on; when war kills itself—and it is killing itself—peace will come; when the conflicts between laborers and capitalists—not labor and capital, for these are mutually supportive—are seen to work the injury of both, then they will work together for a common good. And when there comes a church large enough to hold the thinking of all its children, and to welcome the increase of knowledge and the continuous revelations of God to man and in man, then trials for heresy will cease—unless there are a few dummies left to try a few other dummies!—*Rev. H. W. Thomas, in Parthenon.*

## The Study Table.

*The under mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.*

*Little Comrade Mine.* By Martha Burr Banks, D.D. Merrill Co.: New York and St. Paul. Price, $1.00.

One of the attractive books for the small people is "Little Comrade Mine,"—attractive first on the outside in its tasteful cover, and second, inside, for the quaint picture of life it develops.

The author evidently believes that if people get well mixed up in this world, the blessed powers that be will not neglect to sort them out again the better for the mixing, if only they be allowed a chance and an occasional helping hand. So she has put together, with friendly intimacy, in a country town, the folks who have a surplus of nice furniture and pretty gowns with those who lack them; the "cultured" folk with the "uncultured"; those who are looking at the years behind them with those who are eager for theirs to come. The cavalierly elder brother and his shabby but devoted newsboy have a friendship that survives separation. The doctor who "has a trouble" finds special consolation and even guidance in the bravely sympathetic spirit of his little girl comrade; and advices, all around, are by no means confined to the stereotyped channel whereby they can only flow from the senior to the junior. The golden thread of true comradeship binds them all in one family, each to the other and all to the power that works for good, while country Polly's huge paper doll, with the heathen name of "Bibabutzeman" forms a connecting link whereby certain mysteries are brought to light. The story is a bit of ideality realized, so far as a story can do it.

E. T. L.

*Prose Idylls.* By John Albee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. 172. $1.25.

This beautifully printed book with its delicate white and green covers is not what Matthew Arnold called a "tonic book." It breathes a spirit of world-weariness, with little trace of the moral strength which alone can preserve extreme sensibility from a more or less paralyzing melancholy. To the vigorous, however, Mr. Albee's dreaminess, which at times rises into something deserving the name of imagination (as in the piece called "Helen's Trees") will do no harm. There are many remininscences of De Quincey in the volume, and perhaps (in "The Mask Veil" and "The Soul of Things") a touch of Poe. "March Meeting" is a delightful little sketch, touching the real life of men with a delicate but healthy insight and humor.

M. M.

*The Captain of the Kittiewink.* By Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Roberts Bros.

A book full of the salt breezes of Cape Ann, giving the adventures of a boy, for whom a dose of sea air was prescribed, his mate, the doctor's son and the faithful old salt, who was really in charge of boat and boys. We have little patience with the silly mother, until, in the teeth of real danger she rises to the occasion. We venture to hope Santa Claus will have the book for some of the boys and girls, especially those on the prairies and near the mountains, because they are less familiar with this sort of good time.

B. C. R.

The *Contemporary Review* for December opens with an excellent article on Tennyson by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. The poetis studied in three lights, as a worshiper of beauty, as a Christian, and as a thinker on social and political questions. The discussion of the last theme is especially good, elaborating Tennyson's strange blindness to the needs of the age in this direction, the conservatism which his great poetic nature failed to give, the insularity which could see in the political idealism of France, nothing but "the red pool fury of the Seine," and the poet's deadness to what Mr. Brooke calls "The master movement of our time—Collectivism, which holds in it a much greater opportunity for complete individuality than we have ever conceived as yet."

THE Unitarian Sunday-school Society announces among its latest publications, "The Beginnings of Christianity," by William H. and Minot J. Savage; a Shorter Catechism, by Herbert Mott, embracing thirteen questions and answers on the central beliefs of Unitarianism; Noble Lives and Deeds, a continuation of the lessons previously mentioned, and Lessons in Religion by C. A. Allen.


**A Ruddy Glow**

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

**Scott's Emulsion**

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew.

*Almost as palatable as milk.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

**ONE DOLLAR**

**EVERY HOUR**

is easily made by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously at the employment which we furnish. We fit you out complete, so you may give the business a trial without expense to yourself. Write and see. H. HALLETT & CO., Box, 1750, Portland Me.

**What Can Ethics Do For Us?**—By William Mackintire Salter. Paper, 12mo, 32 pages, 10 cents.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

# Church Door Pulpit.

## A New Help for the Drunkard.

*A Study of the Keeley Cure.**

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Drunkenness is an awful fact. The fruits of inebriety are so terrible in kind, so gigantic in quantity, that the human mind is inadequate to form any conception of them. Like the facts of Astronomy, they stagger the powers of conception, the figures roll off the mind uncomprehended. Its limitation saves it; it could not comprehend such figures and live. The facts of Astronomy would kill with their glory. The spirit of man could not carry the burden of infinity; it may not look upon the face of the Eternal and live. The facts of inebriety would kill with their hideousness. The spirit of man could not endure the burden of agony; it may not look upon hell unscreened and unmitigated and survive. Mr. Gannett, in his thoughtful little book entitled "Seven Studies of Temperance," recently published, has gone carefully into the figures. He tells us that for the year 1891 the bill for spirits, beer and wine in the United States amounted to $950,000,000; deducting from this $121,000,000 of liquor tax paid to the government, and $44,000,000 of license fees paid to the local government, we have left $785,000,000, or $12.25 for each individual in this country. The total expense of the United States government for the same time was only $437,436,368, while the cost of the schools, public and private, for the year 1888–89 (the latest figures published), was only $171,739,317, about one-fifth as much; or as the *New York Tribune* puts it, the liquor traffic costs every year more than our whole civil service, our army and navy, our Congress, our river, harbor and pension bills, our wasteful local governments, our national, state, county and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. And by whom is this paid? Powderly estimates that one-fifth of it comes from the wages of the workingmen. In New York alone this aggregates $15,000,000 a year. One county in Pennsylvania, that which contains the most workingmen, pays $11,000,000 a year out of the pockets of the miserable. There are forty rich, or on the way to be rich, saloon-keepers in Homestead. When one of the saloon-keepers with a diamond in his shirt-front was asked if he ever worked in the mill, he replied, "No, why should I? I have over three thousand of Carnegie's men working for me." But, as I have said before, these figures mean nothing. We can not comprehend them, much less can we the figures representing the crime that springs therefrom. A liquor paper admits that in 1890 nine murders a week was the average number due directly to whisky. Thirty thousand deaths a year from the same cause is below the figure. Carroll Wright, the best authority on statistics in this country, estimated that in 1880, seventy-two per cent of Boston crimes were rum crimes. In the fifteen largest cities in the land in 1880, seventy-three per cent of all arrests were for drunkenness, offenses resulting from drink. A city paper fixes the number of saloons in Chicago at seven thousand, of which eighty per cent are said to be owned or managed by the brewers. Upwards of 500,000 employes in the United States alone are engaged in this fell industry of making paupers and beggars.

I have not yet tried to hint in figures at the saddest element in this wretched business. It is estimated that the average consumption of malt liquors per capita in 1891 was 15.28 gallons, or about half a barrel to a man. But who will estimate the amount of tears that have flowed as a result? Who can measure the agony of a mother's heart when she sees her first-born staggering down the slippery road of degradation? Who can measure the misery back of the wan face at the window where the wife and clinging children wait in terror the unsteady step of husband and father? Tell who can the burden of agony carried within by the slave who nightly chafes under the fetters which daily he wears with mock gaiety.

The most difficult thing of all to realize, or to account for, perhaps, is the apathy with which men and women live in the presence of these home-destroying, life-blasting facts. Every day I go up and down one of the best developed perdition roads in our city. I am told that there is no finer drink avenue in Chicago than Cottage Grove avenue from Oakwood boulevard to Twenty-second street; it has more saloons to the mile than any other main arterial line in our city. Two miles and a half dotted, lined, I might almost say, on both sides, with the industries of degradation, with the deliberate business of dismantling manhood, defaming womanhood, desecrating homes, blighting childhood. And you and I ride up and down this avenue of death, no, of something infinitely worse than death, of living corruption, of life in slavery, as complacent, happy, radiant and hopeful as if we were riding through the lawns of Paradise. Merciful heavens! open our eyes to see Cottage Grove avenue as it is! May our hearts be touched with the shame and the blame of it all! Talk about the great telescope that Mr. Yerkes is to give to the Chicago University. Who will give us the more important objective glass that will enable us to see the human soul in its thrall, and to study its movement in the orbits of misery?

I am no pessimist. I have an unfaltering faith that this universe means good, and that this life is moving towards goodness; but it is a plain demonstration of mathematics that all the conventional methods of coping with this mighty evil are inadequate. I believe in them, all, for all have justified themselves. For thirty-five years it has been my rule to take every pledge, sign every petition, join every society that I could, looking toward the amelioration of this awful agony. For ten years I have cast no ballot where this king evil, this monster iniquity was not a first consideration, and so help me God, I hope so to continue to the end of my life. Compared to this, all other questions of statecraft, whether pertaining to nation, state or city, are secondary and subordinate; manage this and the others can be handled. The first office of public trust I ever held was that of the secretary of a Band of Hope in the thirteenth or fourteenth year of my life, and I have been a sympathetic friend of all such organizations ever since; and still I say to you out of the bitterness of many disappointments, that all these activities combined are engaged in a Mother Partington industry of trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean with a mop. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is a mighty army, dramatic, effective, disciplined, spectacular, but with all its mighty work its members can hardly keep themselves sober; their own homes are fraying out continuously; they can scarcely save their own.

Inebriety is peculiarly a vice of civilization. Gustafson, in his great work on this subject, says: "The English masses have been hard drinkers for only a little more than two hundred years." The distillery is a product of modern science, as indeed is the brewery in its present perfected form, and the saloon is a modern device, to dispose of the products of these achievements of modern skill. The sagacity that sends your message upon the wings of the lightning can, by touching a button, use the same current to take a life. This magician's wand called "modern science," which has so increased the resources of this fountain of death, must eventually give us the remedy. If partaking of the fruit of the tree of knowledge has robbed the children of Adam of their Eden, a more abundant feeding upon the same fruit must restore us to that Eden. Chemistry, botany, agriculture, he mechanic arts and political economy have lent themselves freely to this business of making drunkards; they have been willing servants, ready to obey the command of intelligent ambition untouched by pity, of skilled greed unqualified by remorse. The abilities which will make railroad magnates, an oil-king or a Baron iron-moulder, will make a Baron brewer. Energy, guided by intelligence will, with an occasional lift in the way of special legislation, bring gigantic financial success in the one field as in the other. But if these evils are to be coped with, it must be by a use of the same forces for diviner ends. Chemistry, botany, agriculture, the mechanic arts, and the laws of combination and jurisprudence are as ready to lend themselves to the service of sobriety as to that of inebriety. Science is the hand-maid of virtue whenever intelligence beckons her. Science has hunted disease to its hatching beds; it has discovered the germs of typhoid and diphtheria in the sewer and in the hydrant, and taught us how to drive them away or exterminate them. Science has disarmed small-pox of its terrors, reclaimed malarial districts, and is waging a winning war with pestilence and plague. This same science stands ready to serve man in this most desperate encounter with the formidable serpent which it has itself nursed into its fell power. There comes a time when water is useless as a weapon against fire; in the direst conflagrations fire must be fought with fire. Emotion, passion, prayer, religion are all impotent in the presence of this consuming fire unless they can fight it with its own weapons. The government has commissions to study the blights on peaches and apples; men work diligently in its offices to understand the chinch-bug and the Colorado beetle that threaten our wheat and potato crops; but as yet the government has refused to appoint a commission to inquire into the origin, the mischief and the remedy of this blight on human souls, this destroyer of men and women, this pestilence of the fireside. When a man takes too much strychnine, men hurry for the doctor, and if he be so poisoned as to lose self-control the city will send an ambulance and take him to the hospital; but if he has taken too much alcohol and is sick unto death with it, they send for a policeman, and if he be so poisoned as to be unable to administer his own faculties, they call a patrol-wagon and take him to jail. If a man's system becomes poisoned with malaria, the doctors give him quinine, a specific so benign that Vice-President Morton, in his dedication address of the Exposition building in Jackson Park, thought it worthy to be mentioned as one of the two great contributions of America to civilization; but when his system becomes impregnated with alcohol so that all the functions of the body are abnormal, every organ distorted and the very cells deformed, they send for some women to pray for him, they offer him a blue ribbon for his buttonhole, and tell him to look to God for relief. Far be it from me to speak slightingly of these m ods, but the only prayer that av the starving man is a loaf of br and God helps the man sick with cohol as He does the man sick w malaria, through instrumentalit through the agencies which it is business of intelligence to disc and of conscience to apply.

In a little prairie village some enty-five miles to the south of lives Leslie E. Keeley, a modest c try doctor, who for thirty years been brooding over this king evil, giant enemy of the home. Un tracted by the city's noise, un turbed by the hurrying prosper of a city practice, he has studied drunkard as he would a sick He has studied him in camp an the farm; he has studied him in and out of it, in jail and out of it, thereby has made the name of town famous on two continents, made his own name beloved by unto a hundred thousand redee men, and revered by five times number of women and children, whom the sun has begun agai shine, and over whose lives again moon moves in glory because worthless father has become wo ful, the dreaded husband has bec welcome and loving.

It becomes my duty as well as privilege to speak with reverence religious gratitude the name of Leslie E. Keeley, if for no other son, nay, primarily for the reason he has carried this case to the court that has jurisdiction; he asked science to undo the misc which science has perpetrated. was not for him to invent, but it been for him to speak in comman tones the truth that drunkenness disease, that alcoholism soon prod a mal-adjustment of the tissues, a arrangement or deformation of cells which makes the victim a crip a sick man needing treatment, punishment. The laws of God self-executing, an outraged law ries with it its own reproof. "V geance is mine, I will repay," s the Lord. Dr. Keeley has d enough to make his name a las one in the roll of the helpers of He has called in sense to counsel sensibility; he has compelled head to advise with the heart; he applied science to the redemptio man. Even though his medi were a mistake and his work thu a delusion, he still belongs to the day because he recognizes what must, sooner or later, recognize, the gospel is void without knowle that science, indeed, is the ninete century interpretation of the go that nothing is done by miracle i universe where everything is law- Doctor Keeley's philosophy is philosophy of modern thought is the doctrine of evolution appl it is the message of the laborato suffering humanity; it beckons church onward and upward, and it to take its stand alongside of university and the observatory; vites the minister to take the ha the professor; and not until th vitation is accepted will either a plish much for the redemption of

But more than this is accompli Something happens down the Dwight when from four to ten p a day enter the town with uns step, poor, frayed-out specime humanity with their physical mestic, social, financial and in tual relations all out of adjust and at the end of three or four w leave the town with the mind what as it ought to be, in c with the heart kindled with new and high purposes; they lea town to receive reconciling from outraged wives, neglecte dren, broken-hearted mothe fathers whose gray heads hav bent with shame and sorrow.

*Copyright, 1892, by Charles H. Kerr & Co.

speak advisedly. I only speak of at I have seen and know, No one accuse me of undue haste. From outset I have turned hopeful eyes ard Dwight, but I have realized t the great things of earth come vly, and so I have watched l waited until I am sure it is time peak. I have personal acquaintes that justify my confident words, l so have most of you. Some of l know more than I do; all of us w enough to warrant our having at hopes that by science the dans of science will be averted.

A few months ago I attended the vention of the "Bichloride of d Club" held at Dwight, and for days I mingled with five or six ndred delegates from all parts of Union, saw their wholesome faces, rd their hearty greetings, witsed their skilful proceedings, and ng myself freely into their magcent enthusiasm. I found there ge-headed men; men skilled in , medicine and finance; men who l been sick and were now well.

Robert Browning in a poem entitled n epistle containing the strange lical experience of Karshish, an b physician," describes an interw of this imaginary physician with arus, the brother of Mary and rtha. This man who had been d and was alive again, is described ne moving in a strange glory with eculiar estimation of values. He l a sense of

ne spiritual life around the earthly life.
law of that is known to him as this—
heart and brain move there, his feet
stay here.

man is apathetic, you deduce?
trariwise, he loves both old and young,
e and weak, affects the very brutes
birds—how say I? flowers of the field—
wise workman recognizes tools
a master's workshop, loving what they
make.
s is the man as harmless as a lamb:
y impatient, let him do his best,
gnorance and carelessness and sin—
indignation which is promptly curbed."

This was the condition of many of men I found there; men thrilled h a large purpose born out of the mory of a great sorrow; men ched with the sadness like to that ich shadowed poor Mary Lamb her brother Charles. Neither l nor man could hold that loving ghter's hand otherwise than guilt, although in an insane moment, lunged the knife into a mother's rt; but in the place of guilt and radation came a sweet gentleness, uplifting yearning for others. This ing I found pervading those meets, inspiring many, if not all who ended. How could it be otherwise? Was not this "the voice of as from the dead" which I heard n a young man whose brow showed ple brain and whose voice indicated enerous culture, when he said,—"our weeks ago I was a husband owned by his wife, a father bereft his children, a citizen without a nd, a lawyer without an office and hout a client; next week I shall ve here to be welcomed into a red home, to be intrusted again h the confidence of wife and the e of children; to find neighbors o will hope for me and with me, an ce waiting for me and a professnal career before me such as my ining and talent may win. I came e a sick man, I go back cured, I w I am cured. That devil, appe, that haunted me day and night is e; whisky has no more attracns for me than ink; I would as n drink the one as the other." u may distrust the enthusiasm of s early liberty, but I saw in Dwight gentleman, erect, alert, command, an important member in the ce at the Institution, who three rs or so ago was sent down to ight with a tag on him, shipped as would a dog, not knowing enough to get off the train. He had been for years a "Canal street, barrel-house bum" in this city. Another prominent physician on the staff was picked up a maudlin wreck, crawling upon his hands and knees aimlessly in the streets of Dwight. Said a bright young man, "For seventeen years my mother and I knew that father could not come home without our help, so every night as darkness began to gather, we started out, mother and I, to hunt him in some of the saloons of the town." And that man to-day is an honor to the profession for which he was prepared. According to one estimate, ten per cent of the professional men among the Keeley graduates were physicians, twenty per cent were lawyers and five per cent were ministers. Of course these ratios change somewhat. Among the many thrilling stories told me while there was one of a veteran in Chicago who had been so besotted by years of dissipation that the only link which seemed to connect him with respectability, the only tie between him and his better self, was the Grand Army button he always wore. Once each year he would earn or beg money enough to pay his dues at the Post; the rest of the time, night and day, he was found in the meanest of dives content with the filthiest of whisky. The world had one strand unbroken between it and this wreck, a sister who still loved and prayed. She appealed to the Keeley Club. An old soldier, a graduate, was detailed to see what what could be done for him. After much difficulty he found him, morose, sullen and relentless. The only way he could approach him was through the mug; glass after glass of the wretched poison he poured into him until, at last, he accosted his new friend as "Major." Then, said my informant "I knew I had him; he began to respect me, and he allowed me to hurry him off to the train. I telegraphed home that I had gone to Dwight. I saw him safe in the hands of trusted attendants, and to-day he holds a position of trust with adequate salary, and is a most ardent missionary in our cause."

Dwight will ever stand associated in my mind with two very different but very searching revelations of the human heart. Two pictures will stay with me as long as consciousness stays: One came to me many, many years ago in my earlier campaigning. Coming northward on the Alton road, I heard at brief intervals occasional sobs, peculiar moans of a distressing kind coming from a source I could not locate. I went in search of the sounds and found, curled in a seat, a little boy eight or nine years old, sobbing very silently, by himself. I asked him if he was alone. There came no reply. I spoke again. No answer. I laid my hand on him, shudderingly he shrank from me; I persisted until, after measuring me with his eye, he pointed to a Dennison tag upon which was written, "This is Johnny ———, of the Deaf-Mute School at Jacksonville. He is going home to his Christmas holiday; please put him off at Dwight." Dwight had seemed a long way off to the little lad, and he was afraid he had been carried by. Whether it was the sign language we held in common or the apple I had in my bag that won his confidence I know not, but soon he cuddled to me as my own little boy at home would have done, but every time the train stopped he asked with his eyes, "And is not this Dwight?" At last Dwight was reached and the miserable looking little village in the slush and mud for the first time attracted my attention. Johnny, clinging to my hand sought the platform, and through the crowd of idlers we searched for a waiting face. At last my eye rested on the face of a straight, agile young man, white as the snow, every nerve strained into a statue-like stillness. His eye caught mine, and with a nervous intensity the young father raised his finger to his lips, and with a voice trembling with emotion said, with a rich Irish accent, "Don't spake, sir, I wants to see if my b'y does know me!" and the voice was broken with the mingling of laughter and tears. Quicker than a flash the boy's eyes had found the father's face, and with that helpless cry of the mute he tore his hand from mine and, with a wild spring like an animal of the woods, he leaped to his father's neck. "All aboard!" The train was moving. I left Dwight with that picture of filial love and parental concern, that hint of the unfathomable depths of the human soul forever in my heart.

Many years elapsed. Again I was in Dwight at the depot with a very different crowd waiting the arrival of the Chicago train. A little mother, frail, meager of garb and flesh, with a Quaker face tucked in between the smoothly laid folds of white hair, undertook to lead off from the cars a brutal, clumsy young man of perhaps twenty-five years, drunk enough to be insolent even to the gentle little mother whom he might crush with a single blow of his dirty hand. Those to whom such scenes were not infrequent knew what to do, and he was promptly surrounded and borne to the office where he was expeditiously registered and received his first "shot," to use the Dwight vernacular. Twenty-four hours later, the little mother took the train with me and we came to Chicago together. The big boy was at the depot to see her off; his shoes were tied to-day; his face was washed; already the light of a new hope was in his eye, and mother and son were closely clasped in a long and loving embrace ere they parted. Strong men turned away to conceal their manliness. Once on the train the tired face relaxed, peace crept over the careworn lines and she slept long, and as she slept the face was such as we give to the angels. I wanted to speak to her, but I dared not. Why should I intrude upon that holy hope?

These two pictures interpret Dwight, to me. It is no longer the prairie town, insignificant and uninteresting, but it is DWIGHT, where a thousand fathers have stood with pent-up anxiety, wondering whether their boys would recognize them. It is the Dwight that has brought repose to ten thousand mothers' hearts and filled woman's dreams with pictures of love and sobriety.

I can add nothing, friends, to the science of this problem; I cannot tell you what potency, if any, lies in the infiltrations of Doctor Keeley. I only know that here were men once blind, who now see; once dead who are now alive; *they* testify that what was once a dire thrall, has been broken by these medicines, and I do not know why I should doubt their words. I am persuaded that Doctor Keeley is a man with a clear head and a large heart. His few public utterances prove that he is a man imbued with the scientific spirit. He is a man who, is trusted and respected by those who have known him from his youth up. I believe he and his graduates are sincere and that they are in possession of facts that justify their statement when they claim that an army of eighty-five thousand or more men and women have been liberated from this thrall of alcohol and opium. Perhaps the Doctor's own estimate of five per cent of failures is too small, but perhaps also these men, in the thick of the fight, have some facts not accessible to the critic. Suppose it was twenty-five or fifty per cent, even then it is a record unparalleled in its struggle with King Alcohol; and if but five per cent were cured and ninety-five per cent were lost again, still the effort is justified in the eyes that note a mother's tears and an orphan's woes.

But though I may not probe the mysteries of the laboratory and cannot demonstrate the physical process by which the will again assumes control and the mind becomes regnant, I can go with you some distance into the study of an all-significant psychical element in the problem. There is something profoundly interesting in the mental discipline and the spiritual drill which tends to build up the soul by a medical element. Take a soul frayed out by years of irregularities and weakened by continual disorder, and put it into the atmosphere of quiet but firm regularity, let it four times each day for four weeks appear to the minute at the office to receive the shot, and every two hours of the waking time stop to medicine up, on the street, in the club or church. Add to this the full sleep, the regular diet, and, what is still more potent, the life-making power of a new hope, the unfolding desire to regain and reclaim, not one's own soul, for the spirit soon cloys of that selfish business, but other people's souls,—a divine passion to reform the world, to release society from this worst of all slaveries, and you have introduced into the lives of these men the most powerful agencies I know anything about. Some of you remember with me the splendid inspirations of 1861 to '65, when enlistment days were apocalyptic days to some of us, days of open heavens, of sustaining visions, some of you remember, I say, the thrill that came with smoke-enveloped battle fields, the moral quickening that followed the cannon's boom. All that and more is realized by these men of the Keeley Clubs. It is possible to all of us again when we realize that we are enlisted in a war that is a nobler cause, a harder war than that of '61 to '65, a strike for a higher freedom. When we realize that science may join with sensibility, that the doctor and the minister, the surgeon and the teacher may and can stand side by side in this holy war, even fractional souls become spherical. When these men do stand together not all the golden millions of our Duke distillers and Baron brewers with their 500,000 employes can withstand them. Let us push on this line of science, and even the millionaires of this iniquitous trade will begin to blush. They may parry the minister's appeal and evade the demands of that religion which they think is in the interest of some world to come. They may smile at the enthusiasm of the women, smile and continue to be villains all the time, but when the professors get after them and science convicts them of poisoning their fellow-beings, they will begin to wince, and we shall all begin to be ashamed of taking a complacent cable-car ride every morning to our business through an avenue of moral pestilence and physical poisoning-holes. If science proves that the saloon-keeper plants disease in his customers' bodies, the law that has a right to remove garbage from the alley, will have a right to remove these poison shops from the street.

I want to keep within the realms of sobriety. Doctor Keeley's word will certainly not be the last, though it is as yet the latest word on this problem. I have no hand in this contest of excellence between rival cures; we have no ammunition to waste in shooting at each other; if there are any who can cast out devils in the name of Beelzebub, let them do it, only so the devils are cast out. That is the main thing. I like the spirit of the men and women in this Keeley work because it is religion without dogmas. This is a church without a creed, a gospel with a living rather than a dead Christ at its core. Let us not miss our opportunity of doing what we can on account of superficial criticism.

You are waiting for me to say something about the "ethics of Doctor Keeley" in keeping this boon a secret. Why not give it to the world and let everybody be cured at once? Take this at its lowest, and it is not so very bad. In these days of speculation and monopoly, when pious deacons, and even preachers, hug so complacently the unearned increment in their lives, as if it were wholly theirs, shall we be greatly shocked if a poor country doctor, who, as the result of eighteen years' study, has come upon a discovery having some money value, should consider that he had some right to it. But this is not the plane upon which it should be settled. Warned by the experience of Doctor Koch, who gave an unripe formula, prematurely, to the world, to his own humiliation and, apparently, to nobody's good, Doctor Keeley is sustained, I believe, by good sense and sound morals in holding this as he himself says, "in trust for the wives, mothers and daughters of America." To give it to the world, is to reduce whatever potency there may be in it to the minimum, if not indeed to make it a stumbling-block and a snare, as available to the charlatan as to the philanthropist, as profitable to the saloonkeeper, who would like to sober off his victim, for new potations as to the poor drunkard. A large precentage of the failures are found to be among those who tried to regain their balance at home, or, having regained it, have tried to maintain it without entering into the larger life of the spirit, without staying themselves with moral enthusiasm and general helpfulness.

But I am not pleading for a medicine; I am not here to vindicate a man; happily, neither the medicine nor the man needs any feeble words of mine. I am here to urge a pressing duty upon your conscience and mine. A year or so ago, Doctor Keeley made a public proposition through the *Chicago Tribune* to buy the Washingtonian home on the West side at any fair price agreed upon by appraisers, and then to receive there any poor men committed by the proper magistrates and give them the same treatment as may be given to the wealthiest man in the world. Major McClaughry, the chief of our police, has predicted the time when there will be in all our great cities a sort of Keeley court, *i. e.* a tribunal for the careful investigation of drunkards arrested in the process of law. If the "offender" proved to be man enough to warrant it, he would receive this novel sentence: "You are sentenced to a term at Dwight, (or elsewhere) to there undergo treatment, and when cured to be honorably discharged and become useful in this commonwealth for the boon received." That is but plain sense and hard economy.

Meanwhile, if you are so afflicted, be brave enough to go to Dwight, and go quickly. If not afflicted, just send your neighbor, your friends, some poor slave of a disease he cannot withstand.

Let us take heart, let knowledge grow from more to more, and misery will flee before its advancing columns. With more of science there will be more pity for the drunkard and more condemnation for the drunkard-maker. Dynamite, prussic acid and alcohol, terrible products these of the chemic art. They have an economic use in the complex life of civilized man. Let the three alike be circumscribed and hedged about by such legislation as will protect the unwary; and let whoever permits the injudicious use of any one of these death-dealing agencies to the ruin of a home or the cost of a life be indictable for arson.

THAT which must be concealed is near allied to sin.—*Parker.*

# Notes from the Field.

**Western Unitarian Conference.**—The quarterly meeting of the Board of Directors was held at the office of the Secretary, 175 Dearborn street, on Wednesday afternoon, December 14. Present: Messrs. Blake, Fenn, Hosmer, Jones, Van Inwagen, Miss Hultin and Mrs. Woolley. In the absence of President Shorey, Mrs. Woolley was called to the chair. The Secretary's report of the September meeting was read and accepted. Treasurer Leonard, who was unable to be present, had previously brought in his quarterly report which was read. The Secretary gave an informal report of his field work since the last meeting. In the discussion upon the place of the next annual meeting letters were read from the six absent Directors who had replied to the question of the Secretary as to continuing to meet in Chicago or returning to the earlier custom of meeting in different places from year to year. These six replies were equally divided in opinion, but all were agreed in the wisdom of holding the next annual meeting in Chicago. On this latter point all present were of one mind, and the general question was not voted upon. The Secretary suggested the following points for consideration: (1) How fully shall the Directors' meetings be published in UNITY? At the time of the last meeting he was not aware of a resolution ever having been passed by the Board in favor of publishing in full the reports of the meetings; since then he had been informed of this, but had also been told that there was a tacit understanding that the Secretary should use his discretion in abbreviating such published reports. (2) The choice of new offices, with a view to better headquarters for the coming year: (3) The continuance of the monthly meeting of the local Directors, as during the greater part of last year. On the first point (1) after some general discussion and expression of individual opinion, the following resolution, moved by Mr. Fenn, was adopted: "That a copy of the Resolution concerning the publication of the proceedings of the Board of Directors be sent to each Director with request for an opinion concerning the satisfactoriness or unsatisfactoriness of the resolution as a principle for future action," Upon the second (2) and third (3) points no action was taken. Adjourned to Monday, January 9, at which meeting the program of the next annual meeting is to be considered. The Secretary, in sending out his call, was instructed to ask each Director for suggestions in regard to the program. F. L. HOSMER, *Sec'y.*

**Rutherford, N. J.**—This evening, December 15, "The First Unitarian Society of Bergen county" dedicated their new church, recently erected at this place. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the attendance overtaxed the capacity of the little church, and many had to be turned away. The church building is a little gem,—a poem in paint and shingles,—with a venerable appearance, looking not like a recently erected building but as though it had been transplanted from New England and was one whose walls had echoed with the Antinomian controversy. It has a seating capacity of over 200, and was erected and furnished at a cost of about $6,000. It is heated by gas and lighted by electricity. Besides the quaint auditorium there is a ladies' parlor and Sunday-school room, a neat kitchen and an alcove for the choir in the rear of the pastor's rostrum. The congregation is justly proud of its handsome vocalion pipe organ, which was manufactured to order by Mason Risch, of Worcester, Mass., and has a double manual or keyboard, and extra stops,—the only double manual organ in the place.

The society is young but prosperous and very vigorous. The preliminary organization was made October 21, 1891; the first services held in the rooms of the Rutherford Field Club, October 25, 1891; and since that time services have been held every Sunday with an attendance varying from forty-five to 200. The permanent organization was effected December 22, 1891, the constitution and by-laws adopted, and the following officers chosen: President, Henry G. Bell; Clerk, Edward J. Luce; Treasurer, Rudolph Dannheim; Trustees, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Bell, Dr. Martin Tygert, Miss Sara H. Fletcher, Charles Parigot, Charles Burrows, William G. Williams, and Richard B. Beaumont. The society was then duly incorporated.

On May 25, 1892, the society extended to the Rev. George H. Badger, of South Natick, Mass., an invitation to become their pastor, which was promptly accepted. Mr. Badger is a ripe scholar, whose English is as remarkable for its purity and beauty as his thought for its depth and breadth.

One of the features of the evening was the two dedicatory hymns written for the occasion; one by Mr. Henry G. Bell, the president of the society, and the other by Edward J. Luce, the clerk of the society.

Several well-known Unitarian ministers took part in the dedicatory services, among them Rev. Hobert Clark, of Plainfield. N. J., who offered the invocation prayer; Rev. H. A. Westall, of Jersey City, who read the Scripture lesson; Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York city, who offered the prayer of dedication; Rev. Merle St. C. Wright, of Harlem, N. Y., who delivered the dedicatory sermon; Rev. D. W. Morehouse, of New York City, who delivered an address on "Our Open Door to the Seeker After Truth"; Rev. Edward Hale, of Orange, N. J., who delivered an address on "Our Open Door to Workers for Humanity"; and the Rev. S. H. Camp, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who delivered an address on "Our Open Door to the Young People." The music for the occasion was in every way excellent.

H. M. H.

**Women's Western Unitarian Conference.**—The quarterly meeting of this society was held on December 16, at headquarters. There were present Rev Ida C. Hultin, Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, Mrs. I. G. Temple, Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, C. Mrs. J. V. Blake, Mrs. B. C. Reed and Mrs. M. H. Perkins.

—Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones was appointed delegate to represent the organization at a meeting of the Wisconsin Suffrage Association to be held in January and Rev. Ida C. Hultin was delegated to represent the same organization in the Department of Women's Progress at the coming World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exhibition. The treasurer's report announced a collection of fifty-one dollars towards the Geneva parsonage fund. Mrs. B. C. Reed read a Post Office Missionary report to date. Routine business relative to prospective councils concluded the business of the day. A pleasant feature of the session was the presence of three members from a distance. M. H. PERKINS.

**Cleveland, O.**—Rev. J. R. Effinger, ex-secretary of the Western Conference, spent the week with us and conducted services at Unity church on the Sundays of December 11 and 18. Mr. Hosmer returned to us for the Christmas service, in which congregation and Sunday-school joined, following the printed order of service as heretofore. The annual "Reception and Fair," held by the ladies of the church on December 14, was largely attended and was a pleasant occasion in all ways. Mr. Hosmer will conduct the New Year's service at Unity church. The Unity club will give a public reading of "King Lear" on the evening of January 2.

THE committee on fellowship of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, has issued the following recommendations: The Rev. Mark W. Chunn, a graduate of Yale College and Divinity School, and formerly a Congregationalist minister, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman.*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

The Rev. W. M. Backus, educated at the Iowa State University, and formerly of the Universalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, *Chairman,*
D. W. MOREHOUSE, *Secretary.*

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."
Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.
BEECHAM'S PILLS
are a marvellous Antidote for Weak Stomach, SICK HEADACHE, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.; found also to be especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.
Of all druggists Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.
121

Blessed be Drudgery!
W. C. Gannett's world-famous sermon, in a handsome edition from new plates, 30 pages with white hand-made cover, will be mailed for 10 cents, a dozen copies for a dollar.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

**Freedom of Thought and of Speech.**—By William Mackintire Salter. Paper, 12mo, 29 pages, 10 cents.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Evolution.
Popular Lectures and Discussion
before the Brooklyn Ethical Associatio
*One vol., fine cloth, 408 pages. Illustrate Complete Index.* $2.00, *postpaid.*
OUTLINE OF CONTENTS.
1. HERBERT SPENCER: His life and perso characteristics; his views on education; religious opinions. By DANIEL GREENLE THOMPSON.
2. CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN: His ancest life and personal characteristics. By R JOHN W. CHADWICK.
3. SOLAR AND PLANETARY EVOLUTIO How suns and worlds come into being. the material universe ever have a beginni By GARRETT P. SERVISS.
4. EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH: The story geology; how the world grew. By DR. LE G. JANES.
5. EVOLUTION OF VEGETAL LIFE: How d life begin; the problem of spontaneous g eration. By WILLIAM POTTS.
6. EVOLUTION OF ANIMAL LIFE: The dences from geology, geographical distri tion and comparative zoology. By ROSSI W. RAYMOND, Ph.D.
7. THE DESCENT OF MAN: Relation of ma the brute creation; his ancestral line; d tion of human life on the planet. By E COPE, Ph.D.
8. EVOLUTION OF MIND: The mind and nervous system; the nature of mind. ROBERT G. ECCLES, M.D.
9. EVOLUTION OF SOCIETY. Primitive growth of the family, city and State; de opment of the domestic relations; is soc an organism? By JAMES A. SKILTON, Es
10. EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY. Origin of ligious beliefs; ancestor worship; nature ship; the Absolute. By Z. SYDNEY SAMP
11. EVOLUTION OF MORALS. How altr grows out of egoism; the proper balance. DR. LEWIS G. JANES.
12. PROOFS OF EVOLUTION: from geol morphology, embryology, metamorph rudimentary organs, geographical distr tion, discovered links, artificial breeding version, mimicry. By NELSON C. PARSH
13. EVOLUTION AS RELATED TO RELIGI THOUGHT: the Unknowable; design; n cle. By REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.
14. THE PHILOSOPHY OF EVOLUTION. tion of the doctrine to prevailing philos cal systems. By STARR HOYT NICHOLS.
15. THE EFFECTS OF EVOLUTION ON COMING CIVILIZATION. Plans for s regeneration as tested by evolution. REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

*"It is a book not to be lightly passed over,— cating almost a new epoch in the evolution pr ganda."*

*"The book is A BOOK. It is unique. I d believe there is any other such book, or that will be. It will universally take. Only a glances at it are required, and then the expres of astonishment and interest follow."*

[From HERBERT SPENCER.]
"The mode of presentation seems to me adm bly adapted for popularizing Evolution views."

[From JOHN FISKE.]
"I think your schedule attractive and valuab

"A collection of essays, exhibiting the doc of Evolution as applied to religious, scientifi social matters, by well-read and cultivated g men. Scholarly and instructive; we commen book."—*New York Sun.*

"Extremely entertaining and instructive, . . book is especially intended to spread a know of the views of the masters of the Evolution t making a smooth, even path for the ordinary to move forward on, so that the general compr sion of the subject may be made easy."—*Bro Citizen.*

"It is not possible to speak of this book wit degree of reserve. It is entirely admirabl should be a matter of pride to every American such an adequate presentation of a vital pri has been made on this side of the Atlantic."— *ton Times.*

"One of the most systematic, concise and co hensive presentations in popular form of the dation and theory of evolution. Excellen succint, . . . interesting."—*Public Opinion.*

*Any book advertised by us will be sent prepaid or express on receipt of price. For $5.00 cas order, we will send books to the amount of advertised prices, and Unity one year free; applying both to renewals and new subscriptions*

*Address*
CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Public
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

"A Rational View of t Bible," by Newton M. Man now minister of the Unitari church at Omaha, is a bo of unusual originality a scholarship, and is a valuab companion volume in the stu of the growth of Judaism a Christianity. It is made of eight lectures, as follow The Historical Basis, The A of Prophecy, The Earl Books, Rule of the Hierarch Last of the Old Jewish Wr ings, The Writings of Pa Other Books of the New Te ament, The Gospels. T book is not electrotyped, a we have purchased of author the few remain copies, which we will sell wh they last for fifty cents a co post paid. This book is subject to the ordinary tr discounts, and our com nation offers do not apply it.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

# The Home.

## Helps to High Living.

*un.*—Climb thou above the tempests.
*on.*—Strong through humble duty, not through pride.
*ues.*— . . . . Ever Nature weaves
Her sunshine with her shadow, joy with pain.
*ed.*—At last Thou wilt scatter the vapors, and all things shall be clear.
*urs.*—Somewhere is comfort in the darkness drear,
And, hushing doubts and fears, we learn to kneel.
*i.*—Yearning like all my fellow-men to know
His hidden purpose that no voice may speak.
*t.*—Thought, weary grown and baffled, must again
Retrace its slow steps to the humble door
Of wistful patience.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

## Christmas in an Attic.

Christmas looked gloomy enough Marah and Hope. They were angers in the great city, lonely and or. Marah was a clerk in a dry-ods store, and golden-haired Hope s employed in a printing establish-nt. Celestia was a teacher of lan-ages and literature, and Mrs. Dain-e, was a librarian. They all arded at the same place, and the latter sat at the head of their le. Hope and Marah came next. ese were the "four ladies," so ignated by Mrs. Gallagher, the k. The others, down to little ah Simpkins at the foot of the rd, were simply "girls."

t was Celestia who had suggested t the four should vacate their small, ffy rooms, and take the attic to-her. The attic! At first the sug-tion was met with scorn, but the m looked inviting. It covered the ole of the house, and when fumi-ed, whitewashed, and divided by tieres into three compartments, it ked so fresh and clean, that when report spread that the four ladies e going up there, every body in building wanted to go too. There only one door, which was cer-ly a drawback, or would have had the occupants not been con-ial. There were four windows; very large ones in front, in Celes-room, and two in the back, ed by the sisters. Mrs. Daintree no window, but possessed com-sations in the door, an open fire-e, and a gas lamp.

h! the airiness of that attic. Far, above the dirt and dust, and din of street, how close it seemed to the cy clouds, how near to the sky and s. How restful the evening when ty and tired, the weary girls had bed the stairs and settled down a quiet chat together.

Mrs. Daintree, past threescore s and ten, was one of the cheer-old ladies imaginable. She and e, who was sixteen, seemed near n age.

he summer had passed and this Christmas eve—a green Christ-. Rain poured in torrents. Hope Marah were detained later than l at their work. When they hed their boarding house, Celes-was nowhere to be seen. Mrs. ntree had gone to spend the fes-season with friends. Even the rful flicker of her fire was invis-to-night. Never had a Christ-seemed so dull. Separated though were from friends and relatives, sisters had always celebrated the by letters and little tokens of . This year they had sent many , but everybody appeared to have otten them.

Not even a letter," groaned poor ah, as she searched the receptacle nail.

"And no delivery to-morrow," sighed Hope. "But," she continued faithful to her name, "they may all come together the following day."

"No they won't," said Marah bitterly. "Nothing but disappointment ever comes to this family."

"You are tired, and dispirited, dear," said sunny Hope. "Let's go to bed. After a night's rest you will feel better."

After shedding some tears the sisters soon slept the sleep of the weary. They did not even hear Celestia come in. For her they had prepared a present, but disappointment had put it aside until morning.

Christmas day dawned bright and clear. The rain was transmuted into diamonds, and hung in glittering drops from the eaves over the high windows. Merrily rang the bells from convent and from church, as Marah and Hope opened their eyes, and simultaneously rose and looked again, for, lo! a miracle had been wrought in the night. Piled high beside the bed were boxes, books, packages and letters; and there at the parting of the portiere stood Celestia in her nightgown, beaming upon them.

"O! you good angel," cried Hope and Marah darting at her, and covering her with kisses. "It was you did all this, and we thought you didn't care. O! you darling."

Then they looked at their treasures. First the letters were read and re-read. Then the packages were examined. There was a box from Aunt Jemima, full of good things to eat, such as you do not get in boarding houses. There was a silver napkin ring each, from Celestia. There were beautiful books; just what they wanted. Even the boarding house mistress had remembered them, "Because they are strangers in a strange land," she said to Celestia as she entrusted her with the gifts.

After breakfast Celestia said:

"Now, dear girls, I have another surprise for you. Mrs. Mervin has invited us to dine, and spend the day at her house."

"Glorious," cried Hope, clapping her hands, while Marah's eyes glowed with happiness. For had they not already spent one never-to-be-forgotten evening in that delightful abode?

Mrs. Mervin was the mother of one of Celestia's dearest pupils. At twelve o'clock the trio set forth, and here, too, were more presents; boxes of delicate confections, and books selected to meet the special taste of each.

After a bountiful dinner, an afternoon of pleasant chat, interspersed with music, and peeps into the latest literature, all adjourned to a residence near by where dwelt friends of the Mervins.

As if there had not yet been enough happiness for one Christmas day, they all spent a memorable evening at the home of Mrs. Mervin's friend which was built and furnished in oriental style. The young people all took part in private theatricals. Chocolate and cakes were then served, and at ten the sisters and Celestia returned to their attic. Thus the day, which at first seemed so forlorn, proved to be one of the happiest of their lives.

M. R. N.


5000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
**DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT**
or LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.
A FAMOUS WOMAN'S thrilling story of Gospel Temperance and Rescue work "*In His Name*" in the great under-world of New York. By Mrs. HELEN CAMPBELL. Introduction
*By Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.*
A wonderful book of Christian love and faith. 250 illustrations from *flash-light Photographs of real life* ... *th thousand. The fastest selling and the best paying book for Agents ever published* Agents Wanted both Men and Women. We Give Credit. *Extra Terms and Pay Freights* Outfit free. Write for Circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.
Also ... LADY AGENTS Wanted on *Special Terms* for
**WORTHINGTON'S MAGAZINE**
a New, choice splendidly Illustrated Monthly for the Family. It is Bright Pure. Elevating Helpful, and Cheap. ... $2.50 ... brimfull of good things ... *Mary A. Livermore Helen Campbell Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark* and scores of others write for it *The best chance to make money ever offered to Lady Agents.* Write for particulars *at once.* Address as above.


Third Year of The Six Years' Course.—History of the Religion of Israel.

# The Sunday-School

## HISTORY OF THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL.

BY REV. F. W. N. HUGENHOLTZ.

*"Judaism" begins: Scribes and Priests succeed to Prophets and Re-write the Histories and Laws.*

### Sixteenth Lesson.

Did the return from exile (538 B. C.) answer the highly strained expectations? When was the temple rebuilt and why not earlier? What was the reason that the consciousness of their religious calling declined among the Jews? To which measure did the Babylonian tribes then recur? (Knappert p. 183–185.)

Where do we find the lègal precepts with which they tried to bind and to force their people? (Knappert, p. 185–188.)

Why do we call the historic narratives belonging to this work the "Elohistic" record? Which legends belong to it? Do they distinguish themselves from the older narratives only by the use of the name Elohim, (God) or by their priestly spirit? Or can we find in them also the proof of a higher intellectual and moral development?

Which books besides the Hexateuch belong to the same authors?

FOR THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

During the Babylonian exile a second series of narratives and laws was written by a class of scholarly Jews called Scribes. These laws found in Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers, do regard mostly the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish worship and all kinds of so-called religious formalities, by which the Jew must live separated from the heathen people. To these belonged the Sabbath day, of which the fourth commandment speaks.

In the oldest record (Deuteronomy 5:12-15) the rest of this day was insisted upon out of purely philanthropic motives, because every one, man and beast, wants his regular rest. But now the observance of the Sabbath day is demanded as a part of their worship, of their religion. (Exod. 20: 8–11.)

In order to press this commandment these priestly scribes wrote the description of the creation in Gen. 1: 1 to 2:3.

Read it with the children and let them observe how much more majestic this "God" is who "spake and it was done" than "the Lord" in the olden tales, *e. g.*, in ch. 2:7, 22, or 3:21. Let them observe the contradiction between the creation of light on the first day, while sun and moon were not created until the fourth day; let them see how little this author understood of nature and of our world system in general. (vs. 6-8, 14–18). Tell them something of the way in which creation continues forever, upon and under the surface of the earth, while we can see neither the beginning nor the end, and ask them then what they think of a God who had to take rest on the seventh day (ch. 2:2).

In the Elohistic record of the deluge no offering of Noah is mentioned. These priests knew of one place only where offerings to Jahweh could be delivered, the temple at Jerusalem, and thus they would not tell that Noah already had given such a bad example. But we have to thank them for the beautiful legend of the bow in the cloud after the deluge as a symbol of the covenant made between God and man (ch. 9:8–17).

What is the natural cause of the rainbow? Everywhere as long as this natural cause was unknown, fancy has been looking for an explanation of this phenomenon. Here it is compared with a bridge from heaven unto earth; there with a bow in rest, so turned that earth has nothing to fear from it. In the same spirit it is pictured in the biblical legend as the heavenly token of the covenant made by God with all creatures on earth. The idea that God should need this bow in the cloud in order to remember this covenant (vs. 14-16), may seem too naively conceived, it certainly is to us a lovely symbol of the divinelight behind the clouds.


**SUPERIOR**
to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,
**AYER'S Sarsaparilla**
is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.
**Cures Others**
will cure you.


"The Thought of God" is a little volume of poems by Frederick L. Hosmer and William C. Gannett.

The *Christian Union* says: "The geode is rough without, but full of beautiful crystals within; turned inside out it would be fit for the crown of a king," so this unpretending volume with paper covers, and plain title-page, and no preface, contains sweet and beautiful thought, fit for the brain of a king. Blessed, indeed, is that king who thinks such thoughts of God?

The *Unitarian Review* calls it "a book destined, we believe, to bless and cheer many anxious minds and troubled hearts."

Mailing price, fifty cents.

CHARLES H. KERR & Co., Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.


GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
**EPPS'S COCOA**
BREAKFAST.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"*Civil Service Gazette.*"
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

**THE INQUISITOR.**
An Illustrated Monthly Journal of
SCIENCE IN PLAIN LANGUAGE.
Published for intellectual people in private and professional life who desire to understand scientific subjects, but cannot delve into technical literature. It maintains a broad scope of unbiased thought and an unvarying standard of exactness.
One dollar per year. Ten cents per copy.
Address, THE INQUISITOR,
307 Inter-Ocean Building, Chicago, Ills.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.
$12 Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. FREE TRIAL and FREE CATALOGUE.
OXFORD MFG. CO., DEPT. B.34 Chicago, Ill.

THE KLIP IS THE BEST BINDER.

BIND YOUR OWN PAPERS.
75 cts. a dozen. $5 a hundred. Adopted by N. Y. State Library. Address
H. H. BALLARD, 84
25 Pittsfield, Mass.

**AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY**
or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making $50 per week. Monroe Eraser Mf'g Co., X 401 La Crosse, Wis.

FREE TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE, A BICYCLE OR A PAIR OF SKATES. NO MONEY REQUIRED IF YOU WANT ONE SEND YOUR NAME AT ONCE TO STODDART & CO., 25 QUINCY STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. BICYCLE

POWDER POINT SCHOOL.
Duxbury, Mass. 22 boys, Laboratories.
Frederick B. Knapp, S. B. (M. I. T.) Principal.

## Publisher's Notes.

During the holiday season, our book sales have naturally been for the most part in the more substantial editions, and our stock of paper books has therefore accumulated. We have a few copies each of the following fifty-cent books, slightly damaged as to cover, but otherwise in good condition, which we offer as long as they last at twenty-five cents a copy postpaid.

The Coming Climax in the Destinies of America. By Lester C. Hubbard.

An Ounce of Prevention to save America from Having a Government of the Few, by the Few and for the Few. By Augustus Jacobson.

The Morals of Christ; A Comparison with Contemporaneous Systems. By Austin Bierbower.

The Rice Mills of Port Mystery. By B. F. Heuston.

St. Solifer, with Other Worthies and Unworthies. By James Vila Blake.

Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man. By Theodore Parker.

The Auroraphone; A Romance. By Cyrus Cole.

The Genius of Galilee; A Historical Novel. By Anson Uriel Hancock.

John Auburntop, Novelist. His Development in the Atmosphere of A Fresh Water College. By Anson Uriel Hancock.

History of the Arguments for the Existence of God. By Dr. Aaron Hahn.

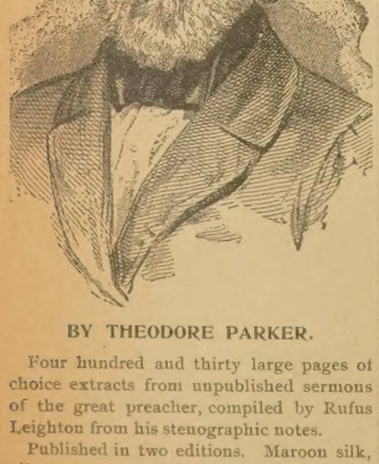
Circumstances Beyond Control; or A Hopeless Case. A Novel. By Luther H. Bickford. The price of this last named book is twenty-five cents and we will sell the damaged copies, as long as they last, at fifteen cents each.

Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning. Selected by Mary E. Burt. The price of this book in imitation parchment cover is twenty-five cents. We have a few copies very slightly soiled as to cover, but otherwise perfect, which we will sell while they last at fifteen cents each. Address,

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
*175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.*

Impared Digestion repared by BEECHAM'S PILLS.


## Lessons From the World of Matter and the World of Man.



BY THEODORE PARKER.

Four hundred and thirty large pages of choice extracts from unpublished sermons of the great preacher, compiled by Rufus Leighton from his stenographic notes.

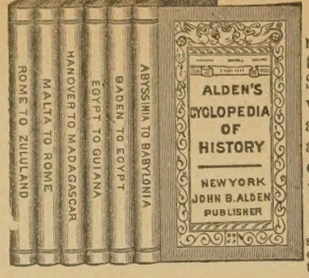
Published in two editions. Maroon silk, gilt top, paper label, printed on laid book paper, with steel engraved portrait of Parker as frontispiece. Price, $1.25 postpaid.

Enameled paper cover with zinc etching of Parker, as shown in this advertisement. Same type as cloth edition. Price 50 cents.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.



# CYCLOPEDIA of HISTORY.




**Alden's Cyclopedia of History.** Illustrated. Complete in 6 volumes, of about 1,000 pages, nonpareil type, shown by these lines. The set bound in strong manilla, price, *post-paid*, **$1.00.** *Now ready.*

Ancient History back to B.C. 5004 and modern history down to 1892. Every nation of the earth (except the United States which is to form an independent volume) is treated in its alphabetical order, and is described in its physical aspects, as well as historically, so you have the equivalent of a book of travels round the world. Illustrations are numerous.

**10 Cents** will secure, post-paid, a sample volume containing the complete history and description of several nations, by which you can judge of the character of the remainder of the work, which you can then buy for the remainder of the price.

The *best* Universal History for general use; it is certainly *the cheapest* historical work ever published; the equivalent of its contents can be found no where else for less than many times the price, and in *no other* work will the history and statistics of modern nations be found brought down to so late a date.

"Compact and concise, very serviceable, of trifling cost."—*The Week*, Toronto.

"A vast amount of trustworthy matter covering a wide range."—*School Journal*, New York.

"An astonishing amount of valuable information carefully arranged." —*American School Board Journal*, Milwaukee.

"A great deal of information in small compass; a useful addition to a reference library."—*News and Courier*, Charleston.

"'Much in little,' is forcibly exemplified; will never stay long on the book-shelves, because of its handiness."—*Home World*, Chicago.

"A marvel of cheapness, seeing it is a marvel of excellence. We commend it for a large sale." —*Illustrated Christian Weekly*, New York.

"Remarkably interesting and useful, handsomely printed, with type which in spite of its size is so beautifully clear as to offer no objection."—*Republican*, Springfield, Mass.

**Our Offer.** By special arrangements with the publisher we are able to offer this excellent and remarkably cheap work to our subscribers on terms of extraordinary liberality, as follows:

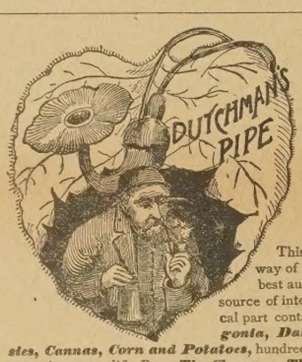
***Free*** for two subscriptions to this paper at $1.00 each, one or both being new subscribers, or

***For $1.50*** we will send you the Cyclopedia complete and a copy of this paper one year, either a renewal or a new subscription.

***For 50 cents extra*** we will send the Cyclopedia bound in two volumes, cloth, or for ***75 cents extra*** we will send it bound in half-Morocco.

**CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.**
*175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.*






A rapid growing, hardy climber, attaining a height of over forty feet. ***Flowers curious pipe shape,*** three or four inches long, yellowish-green brown. Leaves ten inches across.

**A FLORAL CURIOSITY.**

Price per plant ***25 cents; three plants 60 cents,*** and, where requested, with each order will be given FREE a copy of

THE POETS' NUMBER

## Vick's Floral Guide,

1893.

This year we have combined a most novel and charming feature in the way of hundreds of beautiful and appropriate poetical quotations from the best authors, making THE POETS' NUMBER OF VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE a source of interest and pleasure the whole year. The practical part contains ***Colored Plates of Alpine Aster, Begonia, Dahlias, Dutchman's Pipe, Clematis, Pansies, Cannas, Corn and Potatoes,*** hundreds of Engravings; descriptions of the sweetest and most prolific Pea—***The Charmer, The Golden Nugget Corn,*** which was such a favorite last summer, ***new Roses, new Chrysanthemums*** and scores of other grand and good things. Names and prices of everything one could desire in way of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Bulbs, etc.

Sent for **only 10 cents,** which can be deducted from the first order.

**JAMES VICK'S SONS,** East Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

CAPTAIN OF VICK'S NAVY.



**FREE** If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo, and send same to **Tanquerey Portrait Society,** 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.



## Books of Free Thought.

**Supernatural Religion.** An inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation. From the last London edition. One volume of 1,115 large pages. Cloth, $4.00.

**The Radical Pulpit.** Comprising discourses by O. B. Frothingham and Felix Adler. Cloth, 12mo, $1.00.

**The Rights of Man.** By Thomas Paine. Paper, 12mo, 213 pages, 40 cents.

**The Age of Reason.** By Thomas Paine. Paper, 12mo, 152 pages, 25 cents.

**Pocket Theology.**—By Voltaire. Translated from the French by Ellen Carroll. Paper, 16mo, 130 pages, 25 cents.

**Liberty in Literature.** Testimonial to Walt Whitman. By Robert G. Ingersoll; authorized edition. Paper, 16mo, 77 pages, 25 cents.

**The Order of Creation.** By W. E. Gladstone, Max Mueller, T. S. Huxley, M. Reville and E. Lynn Linton. Paper, 16mo, 178 pages, 50 cents.

**Religion not History.** By. Prof. F. W. Newman. Paper, 16mo, 72 pages, 25 cents.

Any of the above will be supplied to holders of Co-operative Publishing Bonds at thirty per cent. discount, postage extra.

Address

CHARLES H. KERR & Co, Publishers,
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.



## Geo. H. Ellis' NEWEST BOOKS.

**Members of One Body.** Six sermons by Rev. S. M. Crothers of St. Paul, subjects, Roman Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, Rationalism, Mysticism, the Unity of Christendom. Cloth, 75 cents, paper, 50 cents.

**Afterglow.** Four discourses by Frederic A. Hinckley. Subjects: Voices out of the Silence, They had all Things Common, Spiritual Awakening, "The Star! the Star!" Cloth, 150.

**The Evolution of Christianity.** A new volume of sermons by Minot J. Savage. Cloth, 12mo, $1.00.

**Calendar for 1893.** Selected from the writings of John F. W. Ware. A leaf for every day in the year, with lithographed background, 75 cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of price by

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers.
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.



**ALUMINUM SOUVENIR**

Charm (dime size) with the Lord's Prayer coined in smallest characters, and strung on blue silk ribbon, sent free to any one **FREE** sending 10 cents for sample copy of The St. Louis Magazine. Aluminum is the wonderful new metal, bright as silver, light as wood, strong as steel, will not tarnish. **St. Louis Magazine,** 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



## *Charles H. Kerr & Co. Newest Books.*

**Evolution: Popular Lectures a**
Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Asso tion; Cloth, crown 8vo., 408 pages, with compl index, $2.00.

**Sociology: Popular Lectures a**
Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Asso tion. Cloth, crown 8vo., 412 pages, with compl index, $2.00.

**The Last Tenet: Imposed up**
the Khan of Tomathoz. By Hudor Genone, thor of Inquirendo Island. Copiously illustra with original drawings by Louis M. Glacke 12mo, 165 pages, cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents.

"A delightful story, charmingly illustrated."—*ton Traveler.*

**Why Government at all? A phi**
sophical examination of the principles of hum government, involving an analysis of the const ents of society and a consideration of the princi and purposes of all human association. By Will H. Van Ornum. 12mo, 366 pages. Half leather, edges, $1.50; paper, 50 cents.

**First Steps in Philosophy, Phy**
cal and Ethical. By William Mackintire Sal Cloth, 16mo, 156 pages, $1.00.

"The method is entirely scientific and thorou yet so simple as to language and illustration, the word 'Philosophy' seems robbed of the struseness with which it is commonly associate —*The Dial.*

**The Gospel of Matthew in Gre**
with special vocabulary and other helps to st Edited by Alexander Kerr and Herbert Cush Tolman, professors in the University of Wiscon Cloth, 12mo, about 150 pages, $1.00. Paper cents.

**Proofs of Evolution.** By Nels
C. Parshall, Cloth, 12mo, 70 pages, 50 cents.

"One of the most systematic, concise and c prehensive presentations in popular form of foundation and theory of Evolution; excellent, cinct, interesting.—*Public Opinion.*

**Lessons From the World of M**
ter, and the World of Man. By Theodore Par Selected from notes of unpublished sermon Rufus Leighton. 12mo, 430 pages, cloth, $ paper, 50 cents.

**Natural Religion in Sermons.**
James Vila Blake, author of "Essays," "Poe "St. Solifer," etc. Cloth, 12mo, uniform with author's other works, $1.00.

"Mr. Blake is predominantly a moralist of a and pure strain, but a poet as well, and his mor ing on life is neither trite or dry; it is such strengthen a deep and sober confidence in the nal Righteousness."—*Literary World.*

**Legends from Storyland.**
James Vila Blake. Cloth, square 16mo, 87 p illustrated, 50 cents.

**No "Beginning": or, The Fun**
mental Fallacy. A logical analysis of the the ical absurdities which follow from the assum of a "beginning" or "creation" for the mat universe. By William H. Maple, Cloth, 166 pages, $1.00.

*Any book in this list can be obtained from lo booksellers, or will be mailed on receipt of price publishers. An investment of $10.00 for one yea Co-operative Publishing Bond will bring a dire turn of six per cent interest, and will also entit holder to buy all books at wholesale prices, s from 30 to 40 per cent discount. Address,*

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishe
175 Dearborn Street, Chic



## Standard Scientific Book

Unabridged in good cloth bind printed on heavy paper.

Darwin's Descent of Man . . . . . .
Darwin's Origin of Species . . . . .
Clodd's Story of Creation . . . . .
Clodd's Childhood of Religion, Birth and Growth of Myth, and Childhood of the World, one volume .
Huxley's Man's Place in Nature and Origin of Species . . . . . .
Spencer's Education and Progress . .
Spencer's Data of Ethics, large type, .
Laing's Modern Science and Modern Thought . . . . . .
Laing's Problems of the Future . . .
Wallace's Darwinism . . . . . .

Any of the above sent prepaid on receipt of Send for full catalogue of scientific books in and in paper.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publish
175 Dearborn Street, Ch



**$30 TO $50 A WEEK** I WANT an honest, earne or woman in every cou take the sole agency article that is needed in home and indispensa every office. SELLS AT in town or country. make $700 in three months, introducing which it will bring you a steady income. did opening for the right person. Don't moment. Good jobs are scarce and soon Write at once to J. W. JONES, Ma Springfield, Ohio.